

31 JANUARY 2024

write the world away

ISSUE ONE

THE RIDER EYE



WRITE



WHAT IS THE RIDER EYE?

About Us

We are Caesar Rodney High School's local newspaper. We are pleased to release the first issue after the events of 2020. This issue was created from October through December of 2023. We are pleased to present our stories this January of 2024.

What We Do

We publish student stories, poems, photography, and much more. We are a tight-knit group that loves to share all creative works for the school.

Join Us

If you want more information or wish to join, please email Dr. Hutch on Schoology or visit room A208.

We meet for two Wednesdays out of each month. Our next meeting will be on February, 14, 2024. We always welcome new members!



NONNA'S MEATBALL SOUP

Givanna Stephano

NONNA'S MEATBALL SOUP

SOUP

- 15 cups of water
- 1 Tbsp salt
- 6-8 medium potatoes, cubed
- 3 medium carrots, thinly sliced
- ½ cup pasta (it is optional)
- ½ onion, finely diced
- 2 large sticks of celery, finely diced
- 3 Tbsp canola oil
- 1 large egg, lightly beaten (this is optional)
- 2 Tbsp dill, fresh or frozen
- Mrs. Dash (seasoning)
- Freshly ground black pepper

MEATBALLS

- 2 lbs ground pork
- 1 tsp Mrs. Dash Original or Mrs. Dash Garlic seasoning
- ½ tsp freshly ground black pepper
- 2 tsp salt
- 1 large egg
- ½ onion, finely diced

NONNA'S MEATBALL SOUP

1

Start by adding 15 cups of water and 1 tablespoon of salt to a large soup pot over high heat.

2

Chop your potatoes and add them to the pot. Let it come to a boil and cook for 10 minutes.

3

While the potatoes are cooking, slice your carrots and add them to the pot as well. If you like, you can also add 1/2 cup of 1/2-inch pieces of thin spaghetti or any other pasta of your choice.

4

In the meantime, chop your onion. Half of it will go into the meat mixture, and the other half will be added to the soup later.

5

In a large bowl, place ground pork (store-bought or freshly ground) and add 1/2 of the chopped onion, 1 teaspoon of Mrs. Dash seasoning, 1/2 teaspoon of fresh ground black pepper, 2 teaspoons of salt, and 1 egg. Mix everything well.

NONNA'S MEATBALL SOUP

6

Roll the meat mixture into meatballs and add them to the pot as you go along. You can ask someone to help you with this step to make it faster.

7

While the meatballs are cooking in the soup, heat a non-stick skillet over medium-high heat. Add 3 tablespoons of canola oil, finely diced celery, and the remaining half of the chopped onion. Sauté until the celery and onion are soft and golden. Then, add this mixture to the soup pot.

8

Next, beat an egg and add it to the soup pot while stirring constantly to avoid clumps of egg. If you're not a fan of eggs, you can skip this step without affecting the overall taste of the soup.

9

Finally, add 2 tablespoons of dill to the soup pot. Adjust the seasoning by adding more Mrs. Dash and pepper to taste. According to the instructions, the suggested amounts are about 1/2 teaspoon of Mrs. Dash and 1/4 teaspoon of pepper.



STEPHANO'S LAVENDER LEMONDADE

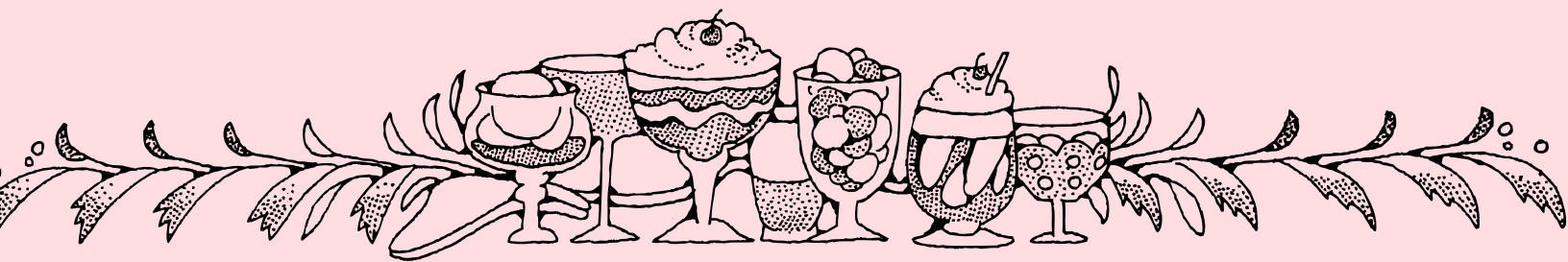
INGREDIENTS

- 2-1/2 cups water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbsp dried lavender or 10 to 12 drops of lavender essential oil
- 2-1/2 cups cold water
- 1 cup lemon juice
- Ice cubes

DIRECTIONS

- In a large saucepan, bring water and sugar to a boil. Remove from the heat; add lavender. Cover and let stand for 1 hour.
- Strain, discarding any lavender flowers. Stir in cold water and lemon juice.
- Serve over ice.

6 Servings -- Prep: 10 min.





WRITING PROMPTS

Prompts?

Writing prompts is a tool to help us practice our skills. It acts as a guide or starting point for your story. They usually consist of a question, a line of dialogue, a statement, or a picture. Prompts are meant to inspire you, so embrace them!

Why We Do It

In our club, the writing prompts serve as a way to get to know other members and to share different perspectives. We usually take 5-15 minutes for writing and sharing.

Today's Prompt

Our next section, "Inanimate Objects," is from one of our writing prompts earlier this year. Here was the prompt:

Write from the perspective of an inanimate object. Consider how your object would feel about someone or something using it, and consider how that would impact its world view.

Inanimate Objects

Waves of Emotion

Kylie Smith

People long to come to me, they think I'm calming, and filled with mysteries. Some people are terrified of me, they won't even take one step to hear me. I crash in the place I reach to be at every day. I hurt people every day with my waves of emotion. But sometimes it's not me, it's the things inside. People take what is most dear to me, they sometimes use it as decor. But when it gets cold, only people come to see me. But I can never leave my spot, for here is where I belong.

Livelihood of a Credit Card

Isabella Sebastian

I could feel the excitement radiating off of the girl's hands as she undid the silver clap on her olive leather wallet to get to me. Her cherry-tipped nails grasped my corner and removed me from what had been my residence for the past two days; nestled between a Starbucks Card and a Library Membership Card. Eagerly, I glided through the card reader, the motion and noises familiar love. A quick slide that slashed through the quiet building, the heap of confirmation over my numbers had been documented, and back in the olive wallet I went.

Inanimate Objects

The Pencil

Moon Peppard

My puppeteer sends me dancing across my blank stage. I accompany my puppeteer for many hours every day, through crowded halls and brightly lit rooms. Wherever I go, I leave dark scars in my wake, but I can counteract the mistakes I've made. I can do it for my puppeteer's imagination, a catalyst for their work... What am I? A pencil.

The Pendulum Swings

Anaya Washington

I am in your pocket, on your wall, I am everywhere. Cogs are always turning as digits slip through my hands. Everyone takes time to look at my face when they need me, expecting me to stay the same. But I can't, it will always and forever be changing, moving, I wait for no one.

Eternal Silent Night

Whirling winds. Jingling bells. Nikea was soaring the skies in his sleigh during his first trip as “Santa Claus.”

He had taken up the mantle from his father the previous year. Tradition dictates that a new Santa must be instituted after the current Santa’s 200th year. After that, they are allowed to rest, and Nikea’s father, Nol’e, was in dire need of just that. Near the end of his 200 years of service, Nol’e’s mind started to deteriorate.

He started screaming at odd hours of the night and crying at the drop of a dime. After each episode, he would never say what was bothering him, he would only mutter the same cryptic words, “This is what I deserve.”

Nikea didn’t have time to worry about his father though, he had a mission to compete.

With only one town left, he was overjoyed by how well his first trip was going, and was quickly looking forward to the end.

He had drunk gallons of milk and eaten hundreds of cookies, but saved most of his spoils for the elves back home. After tiptoeing past dozens of guard dogs and parents that had one too many eggnogs, he was almost done.

Eternal Silent Night

His last stop of the night was in a small town in Nepal, called Manang. There was a particularly heavy snowstorm covering the town in thick white sheets of snow. Luckily it provided cover for his bright red sleigh, atop the first house on his list.

As he got out of his sleigh, he paused because his suit felt ... strange. Almost as if it was tightening around him.

He quickly dropped his sack of toys and reached for his clothing, in hopes of loosening its suffocating hold. That's when he felt a piercing pain in his arms. It was as if long thin needles were piercing every inch of his skin, burrowing deeper and deeper. He aggressively pawed at himself trying to tear the suit off, but then he felt the same agony in his hands, then his torso, then everywhere.

His screams filled the air, but were drowned out by the whirling winds that surrounded him. His legs gave out from the pain, and he landed face-first into the crisp snow, but the cold gave him no relief from his torture.

Thousands of thoughts swirled in his head, as he mentally said goodbye to his family, his friends, and his life. Then suddenly he was on his feet, standing perfectly upright.

"But how is this possible?" he thought, "I didn't move."

Eternal Silent Night

It was like his body was not his own. Then with a quick and jerky motion, his body went to his sleigh and pulled out a sack he had never seen before, from a compartment he never knew about. He grabbed the fallen sack of toys and started to town. Nikea was terrified.

The only thing on his mind was “What is wrong with this suit, and what was its motive?”

Like a puppet, he climbed up and into the chimney, then slid down its dusty throat. He emerged in the living room, covered in soot and ash.

He reached into the gift sack and pulled out three presents, marked for the children of the house.

Yet he strolled right past the tree and up the stairs.

“This is all wrong, I’m not supposed to go upstairs, the number one rule is don’t get caught,” he thought, once again in fear of the suit’s plans.

Then he turned a corner and was at a door marked with the children’s names and hundreds of stickers. He opened the door, and there were three children sleeping, two in a bunk bed, and one in a small twin bed against the wall.

Eternal Silent Night

He put each gift in the corresponding child's lap while gently shaking each one awake.

One by one, each child opened their eyes with a long yawn and sat upright in their beds. Their sleepy expressions were replaced with looks of joy when they saw the perfectly wrapped gifts on their laps.

Their eyes landed on Nikea, and their faces held looks of wonder and surprise. They hopped out of bed and gave Nikea a tight and warm embrace.

Nikea was confused, yet he couldn't help but smile at the genuine joy coming from the children. He was so entranced he didn't even notice. His hand holding the strange new sack was moving.

As swift as a bullet, he pulled the sack over the three children's small bodies and put the sack up and over his shoulder.

He was in disbelief, he could hear the children's quiet muffled screams coming from the sack. Then, as if nothing happened, his body turned and left the room.

He went back down the stairs, grabbed the gifts, and left through the chimney. Then it was rinse, wash, and repeat. After all, it's the children that really fuel Santa's magic.

Cry

I don't know what to feel,
All my emotions seem unreal.
I get hurt from every glance, look, and stare,
Then I cry so much I forget to breathe air.

I flood my room with the sorrows that I weep,
Now my eyes are swollen, like I've gotten no sleep.
My heart feels heavy, like I'm carrying a large brick,
From the times I put myself last, oh so quick.

Every sad song I hear courses through my veins,
Reminding me I'll never feel sane.

I look up at the sky, at the moons and the stars,
And wonder if I'll ever feel happy again, if I make it that
far.

A special thanks to all of these amazing people who have contributed to the publication of the first issue! There were some ups and downs along the way, but these amazing members made this issue possible.

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Thank you to our authors, Moon Peppard, Isabella Sebastian, Kylie Smith, Anaya Washington, and Bridget Welch. Each of them has shared their hearts and talent with us.

Sincerely,
Elaina Caber
Editor in Chief

